and so JoB came marching home, and what has JoB done since his return, what? He appears to have settled into a pattern of living that celebrates the fundamentally bourgeois values of a great many people in this part of the country and elsewhere: work 9-5; supper, television, to bed, work 9-5 etc. For most people that is quite enough, but for someone with John's potentialities it should never be "enough," and yet John appears to be lulled into a state where the possibilities within him are drowned in a multitude of lowest common denominators. John, at present, appears to be not taking or incapable of taking any affirmative stance towards himself and his future. He does not act, he only re-acts. Maddening, very maddening. He should not be working on a packer in a glass plant at minimum wage. Ask him what he wants to do with his life, or with the next five years of his life, and he shrugs his shoulders and says — "Well, I don't know." I tried about a week ago to get him to formulate or at least begin formulating a 5-year plan & I thought that perhaps I had started him going — he spoke of being a freelance carpenter/metal worker. Next day I cut out the classified section of help-wanted ads in the Oregon Independent, and handed it to him, and he looked briefly at the ads (there were a couple of ads for carpenters wanted) and then handed the paper back to me & said nothing. I thought I was doing him a favor and being a nice guy and he hardly appeared to have even understood why I had handed him the paper. He appears not to have an opinion or desire. He didn't even get the job that he now has — Harmon got him the job.



He also is still having problems with follow through. He could tell you at 10 o'clock that he will do something at 11 o'clock, and 11 o'clock will come and go and John will not have done what he said he was going to do one hour previously. His word is not good, in other words, he is not reliable. Maddening, very maddening. Jack & Connie & JoB & Richard arrived here this morning, early, and we "lumbered" on the west lawn until 3 30 P.M. No less than 4 major trees are on the ground outside — a fair quantity of brush was burnt today but not as much as during the last two Saturday wood-cutting sessions. Again this Saturday, we lunched at about 12 30 PM — hot dogs & soda & coffee & potato chips & supplied some tomatoes, celery, apples and mustard. How wonderful the west lawn is beginning to look — — sun, sun and more sun. Not long after the Babcock party arrived & mater, WSP & Jackson arrived. WSP was being very thoughtful — last night was quite cold and he was checking to make sure that I was warm & OK. Very thoughtful indeed. He was not happy with the number of trees that I am having cut down. I knew he would be. He hates to see a single tree be cut down. Nevertheless, I want light & air & sun here & some of these trees will have to go. John stayed on after his family left at 3 30 PM and repaired the wall of the Cemetery (S E corner) — John is more or less taking on the cemetery wall repair as his project, and is doing a beautiful job of putting the wall back together. While John repaired the wall, I went down to the Tinker